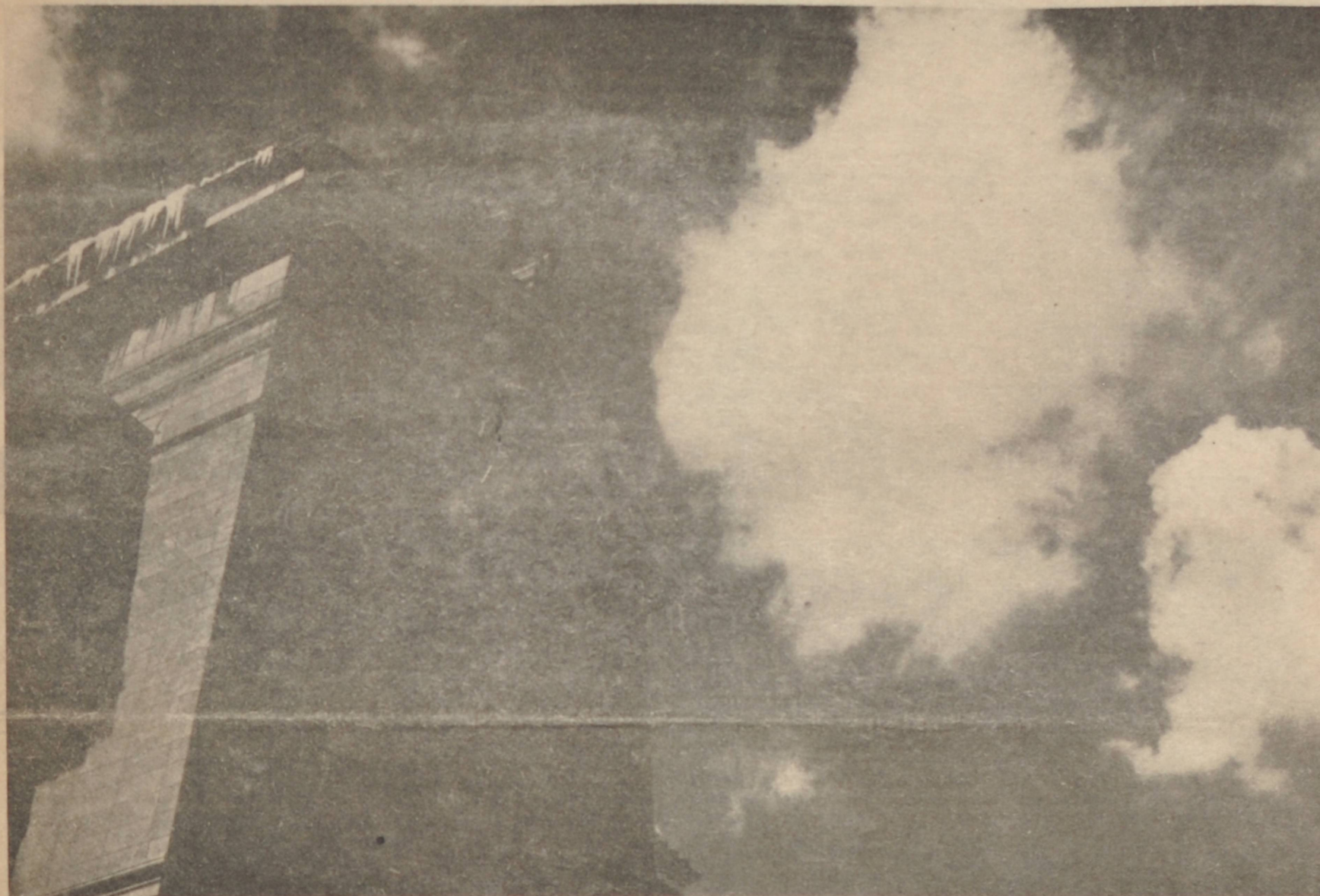


# THE FREE PRESS

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FEBRUARY 17 1975 No. 4.



Mark Sandiford

## The Students' Society: still alive

An interview with Students' Society President George Archer by Mary Stanley and W.G. LeFurgy.

On February 26th, the date of the Student Society Elections, students will be asked to vote on a constitutional amendment to raise Student Society fees. A two-thirds majority of 20% of the McGill student body is required to achieve this increase. Student Society President, George Archer, is concerned with getting 20% of students to vote on the issue—the Student Society Elections haven't attracted 20% of McGill students in the last five years.

With an inflation-troubled Student Society budget, Archer is under pressure to expand and improve student services. However, fees have remained at \$24 for 10 years. This amount is written into the Constitution, thus requiring the amendment to raise fees.

To keep pace with the inflationary spiral, Archer suggests an indexing

scheme for the Student Society fees. Indexing would provide for a raise in fees in proportion to the rate of inflation. This arrangement would prevent future budget difficulties.

An inflated budget is not the only problem of the Student Society. Archer feels that a lot of the Student Society's troubles are caused by the attitude of McGill students. Many students are unaware of what services are provided, and take a lot of them for granted. He feels there is a lot of dissatisfaction with the Student Society, and especially with the Union.

It is on improving the Union that Archer has worked the most this year. His main aim as President has been to keep the Union from becoming "just an office building", trying instead to make it a place students can use and enjoy.

The establishment of the Pub was an important step in improving the Union, but a lot is still missing — lounges, for

example. Lounges have been installed in the Union in the past, only to be defiled.

The main problem over the past few years has been lack of "a responsible attitude towards the Union" by many of the students who use it.

### Purpose of the Student Society

The current function of the Student Society is that of distributing student funds to various student organizations. The potential exists for the Student Society to do a great deal more, if there were sufficient interest.

The two main purposes of the Student Society are "recreation and consciousness raising" for students, according to Archer. For example, this year only \$6,000 out of the entire budget of \$300,000 was donated to such causes as the Honduras Relief Fund.

Archer would like to see McGill set an example for other Universities by

making a regular donation of a portion of the proceeds from the Pub to the United Nations Relief Funds. "This may sound like bourgeois conscience-easing, but bourgeois things feed people, too," Archer said.

Archer states that the Student Society should be more than just a recreation provider. It has served as the "Conscience of the student body" in the past but has declined as such recently due to lack of student concern.

### Goals Unrealized: 1974-75

After almost a year as Student Society president, Archer has achieved what he considers to be only minor successes. Most of his success has been in the hiring of experienced professionals to handle long-term jobs too difficult for student politicians.

This will include the hiring of a

cont'd on page 3

spring - had  
20% - 100%  
Arch



# McGill and the United Aircraft Strike

**Lewis GOTTHEIL**

Two issues were prominent on campus last term, Women's Liberation, and the strike at United Aircraft. A number of students reacted strongly against the **Daily's** blanket support of both groups and some were angered by the radical reflex of the **Daily** editors to publish streams of words on the UA or related workers' strikes, regardless of campus sentiment. The dissatisfaction and alienation of a large group of students readers was aptly crystallized in a comment overheard at Gertrude's last fall. A student asked no one in particular, What is so good about the strikers or the feminists anyway? Why are they always right?

One error, among others, that the **Daily** made in publishing their viewpoint on these subjects was the fact that they never fully answered the above questions. Instead of building a radical analysis by primarily presenting some basic left-wing thoughts on the concepts of "right and wrong", "capital and labour", and "freedom and oppression", the **Daily** started from the top and arbitrarily concluded their own

position on issues like strikes, women's liberation, and the PLO.

Still, a distinction must be made between criticism of the **Daily's** politics and criticism of the **Daily's** style and ability to communicate clearly their politics to the students.

What is so good about the United Aircraft strikers?

Nothing. Workers are not inherently angels or devils, and bosses are not inherently angels or devils either. They are human beings who, like everyone else, are acting in their own self interests.

In this world, there is nothing that is intrinsically good. There are no absolutes concerning man's historical, political, and moral perspectives on his world. Today we have shunned what were once thought absolute beliefs in the past, and tomorrow we will change what we think is right today.

This is so, because man has continually reorganised and improved his productive forces, thus freeing him from political and moral value systems that were associated with the more backward arrangements of the means of

production of earlier stages of history.

If there is no absolute right or wrong, no "good" or "bad" political or moral standards, then how do we create and justify our own political and moral outlooks on life?

Political morality is a human creation, reflecting consciousness of the needs and desires, hopes and aspirations of actual people, of you and me. Our moral preferences reflect our place in society and the work we do. Man does not exist except as a member of a human group and his so-called human nature is determined by membership in that group.

In capitalist society, there is no universal group to which all men can claim membership. Each group, or class, is defined by its relationship to the productive forces.

Some people own, but do not work, on the land and machines that make up the means of production. Those few individuals who own the productive forces direct all aspects of its functioning. Most people work, but do not own the productive forces they work on. They must work, because their

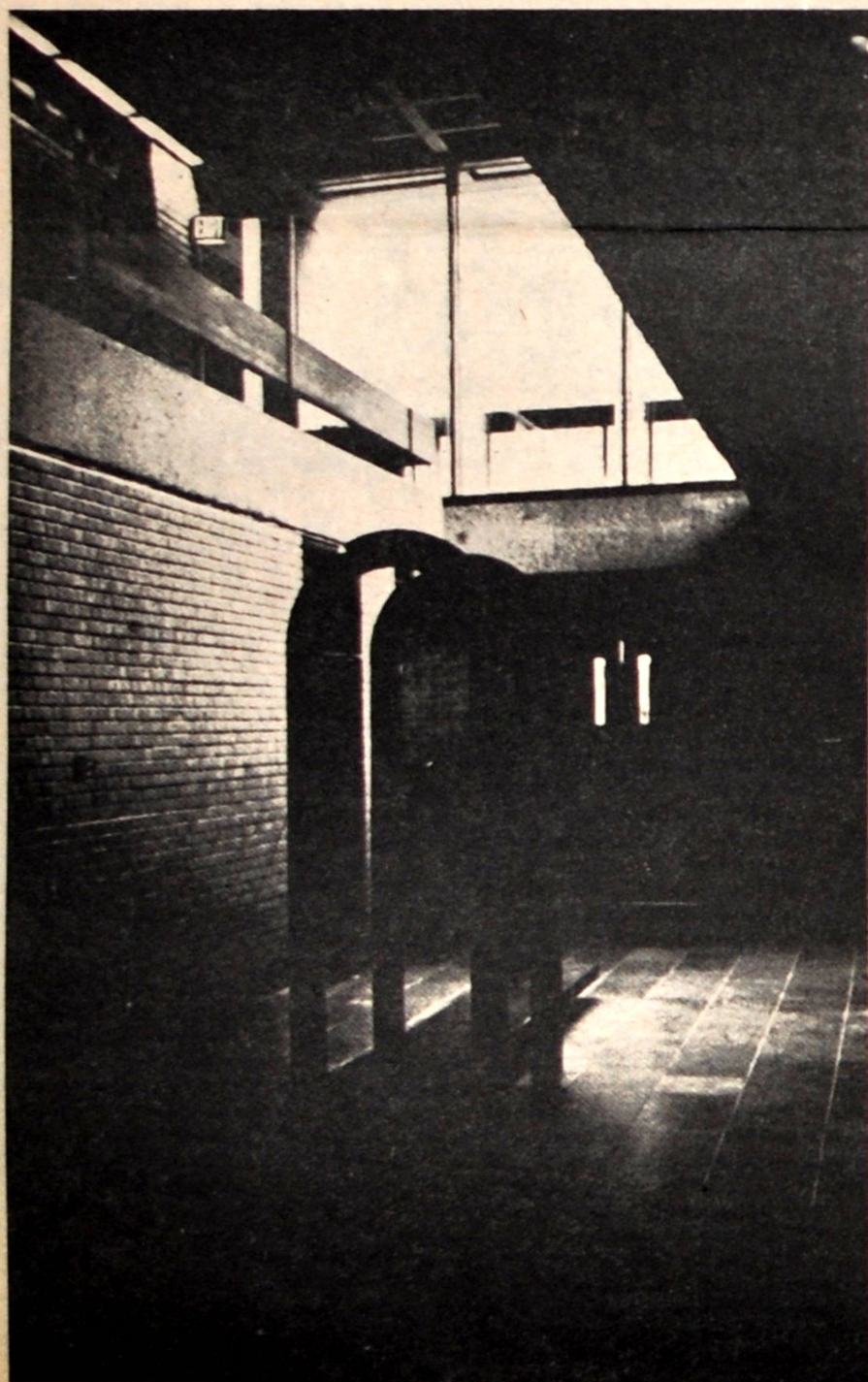
labour power is the only thing they can sell that will maintain them at a socially accepted level of subsistence.

Workers cannot produce what they feel is valuable or a reflection of their own needs and desires. They must produce what the owner of the productive forces believes as desirable, that is, any commodity that will turn a high profit. Some people own and work on their individual system of production, like craftsmen, or farmers, while others, who are in a relatively privileged position like lawyers, consultants, accountants, and researchers are able to rent out their specialized services to the bourgeoisie, to help the system function.

Clearly, each group develops different self interests and acts accordingly. The capitalist wishes to expand the size and value of his own productive forces and the worker wishes to control as much of his work as possible and be rewarded as much as possible.

At United Aircraft, these interests have necessarily clashed. Management, representing the policies of the

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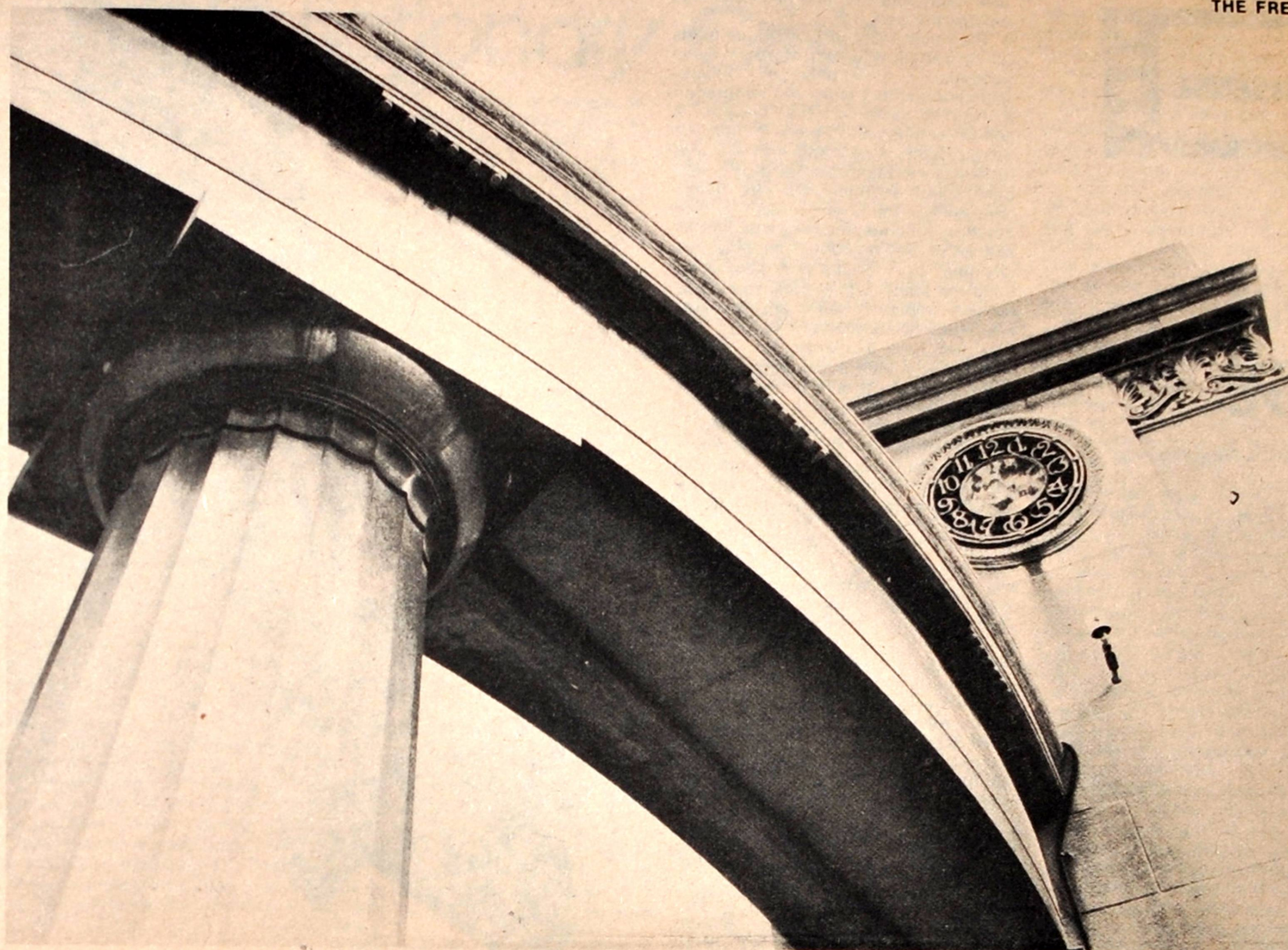
Mark Sandiford

## Les Assises

I sit in this shell, this body  
an imperfect vehicle for life  
and an incongruous voice of  
my thoughts.  
cobwebs form, clouding my thoughts  
and as a broom falls, sweeps away  
to make all clear, a synapse like  
a spider, tentacled, armed, swells  
closes the gap:  
Thoughts clear, orders are given, neural  
pathways become alight with  
haste. I choose a pencil, sharpen  
it, I somehow command the 27 bones of my hand  
to scratch upon my notebook  
this diary of body functions.  
My eyes defy my brains knowledge  
and I believe they are two weak lamps within my head, real, weary and  
rationed light.  
Night comes, light grows dim  
(from within, it seems)  
the jack-o'-lantern, an internal  
god of light and will, is a  
disobedient servant as  
colours fly and  
sleep calls.

Vincenzo DiNicola





Mark Sandford

## Students' Society, ctd.

cont'd from page 1

Secretary-Treasurer to retain financial continuity and understanding between student executive administrations, and the controversial hiring of a new Union building manager. "It was a difficult decision to fire him (the former building manager) because he was well liked by all the students, but it was obvious he was not going to make the improvements needed," Archer said.

Archer pointed out the importance of having a qualified building manager to give reliable cost estimates for maintenance, since the Union take up half of the Student Society budget. The new building manager is said to be very experienced and is expected to work out very well.

The Student Pub is definitely a success, but is not intended to get the Student Society out of its financial problems. If Archer cannot get the fee increase he is hoping for, he will consider this a major setback. This would leave next year's executive with an even more inflated budget, as well as a deficit from 1974-75 to contend with.

Archer's great disappointment has been his lack of communication with the student body. Daily coverage of the Student Society has been "inadequate" and "often unintelligible", concentrating exclusively on negative aspects. Good analysis would definitely have helped bridge the gap.

For example, Archer wonders what some students would think if they knew how their representative had voted on some issue. However, the Daily has maintained a policy of ignoring the Student Society, just when it needs

student support the most.

### What can Happen

The Student Society is not going bankrupt—yet. This year will end with a deficit of approximately \$27,000, which will hopefully be made up for by future proceeds from the Pub. An emergency fund will cover a deficit up to \$100,000. Should the debt reach this amount, the Administration can put the Student Society in trust.

An alternative source of relief could be the Student Services budget of the University Administration. Student Services can raise their fees very easily and could give a portion of their increase over to the Student Society. However, this would be an undesirable source of revenue, since it completely ignores student opinion, and could be considered by some to be unconstitutional.

If the Student Society does not get financial relief and must be taken over by the Administration, students would lose use of the Union. Student Society offices would be moved to Administration owned buildings and a decentralization, probably along the Faculty lines, would occur. A student voice completely independent of the Administration would no longer exist.

Archer feels it would be unfortunate to lose "the only autonomous student-run society in North America. It was the first and it will probably be the last."

**"Even if you are not voting for the man of your choice on election day," Archer urges, "please take the time to vote on this important issue."**

## Will McGill have Women's Studies?

by David Ress

McGill is the only major university in Canada that does not offer any form of Women's Studies programme, despite the evident widespread interest. No university in Canada offers a degree programme in Women's Studies again, despite widespread interest.

At McGill, a group of five women students have been organizing, canvassing, and campaigning, to determine just how many people are interested in such a programme, and to begin to outline courses and perhaps a course of study in Women's Studies.

The results have been encouraging. According to a survey made by the group, 60 per cent of those questioned would be interested in taking Women's Studies courses.

There has also been interest expressed among professors in most of faculties. Professors in English, Education, Sociology, and French have been attempting to get courses. However, many department chairmen have reacted negatively, citing as reasons lack of interest and the "narrowness" of such courses.

Presently there are three courses offered at McGill: Professor Marlene Dixon's Women's Liberation course, which apparently will not be offered when she leaves next year, as no professor has offered to teach it, and two courses in the Faculty of Management. Professors Gillette of the Faculty of Education and Bruce of the Department of English will be offering courses next year.

The group started its work this year, originally under the aegis of Professor

Dixon's Women's Liberation course. Right now, they are circulating a questionnaire amongst all women professors to determine potential courses and the interest in teaching.

The primary effort being made by the group now is to get professors to offer courses about women under the auspices of their departments. After this, it is hoped that some sort of interdisciplinary programme can be offered, with certain courses clearly noted as being Women's Studies. The ultimate objective is to get a degree programme in Women's Studies.

A spokesperson for the group told the Free Press "It's peculiar that McGill has managed to ignore the most important philosophic question of the 20th century, especially in light of a new and growing interest at McGill." She cited the re-formation of the Women's Union, and the Women's Collective Press as examples.

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 FILMSENSE

# THE FRONT PAGE

Review by Steve Vineberg

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur based the Walter Burns role in *The Front Page* on Hecht's city editor on "The Chicago Tribune," Walter Howey, and the Hildy Johnson role on Hecht himself. It was said that Howey, like his later employer William Randolph Hearst, would do anything for a story; in "The Front Page" Burns goes to deperate measures to retain Hildy, his best reporter, who wants to quit the paper to get married. Howey had a glass eye, and Hecht claimed you could tell which one it was because it was the warmer one. This legendary maniac inspired one of the legendary characters in American comedy, and half a dozen actors have had their chance at him since the play, originally staged in 1928, has become something of a warhorse. It was revived on Broadway and television five and six years ago, and Britain's National Theatre has produced it recently; on screen, Adolphe Menjou played Walter Burns (with Pat O'Brien as Hildy) in 1931, under Lewis Milestone's direction, and Cary Grant baited a female Hildy (Rosalind Russell, whose performance was based on Hearst's "girl reporter" Adela Rogers St. John) in Howard Hawks' "His Girl Friday" in 1940. In Billy Wilder's new version of "The Front Page," Walter is Walter Matthau, and Jack Lemmon plays Hildy.

Crewcutted, his ears seeming to possess a life of their own, Matthau looks like the hybrid offspring of a giant and a leprechaun. He slinks around, looking sneaky and sheepish and awkwardly tall, all at the same time. It's a riproaring performance, with some of the most adroit double takes seen in years, and it's the only time Matthau has worked at full comic force, if memory serves, since his Whiplash Willie in *The Fortune Cookie*, for which he won an Academy Award in 1965. He saved that picture, which also starred Jack Lemmon and was directed by Billy Wilder, and he saves this one too. Matthau and Lemmon have made several movies together, and often Wilder is involved in them as well; they ought to know better by now — especially Jack Lemmon. These two men don't bring anything out in each other, and Lemmon hasn't made much progress since *The Apartment*, which he did for Wilder in 1960. (After *Avanti!* — which I may have been alone in going to see — he really ought to know better.) In *The Front Page*, Matthau and Lemmon don't really play to each other at all. Lemmon does this part in his usual amiable-schlump-next-door manner, which is a little embarrassing, since he isn't playing Rudy, the cub reporter. Hildy's lines should be punched out; Lemmon slides into them and zippers them up behind him. He doesn't exactly give a bad performance, because really bad performances aren't within his range (neither are really good ones); he's just

awkwardly miscast, and he seems too old for the part, too.

The Hecht-MacArthur dialogue holds up as well as ever, but Wilder and his perennial co-screenwriter I.A.L. Diamond couldn't resist the temptation to tamper with it. It's become a self-conscious period piece — just the thing to feed the nostalgia mania — and it's also been vulgarized. The dirty words don't add anything to the play; considering the high calibre of the insulting dialogue, they seem tacked-on and silly. The mood of the play has changed, too: Hecht and MacArthur filled the stage with cynical reporters, but their approach was fresh, arrogant, energetic, wisecracking. Wilder and Diamond have hardened the movie, handling it in their usual jaded fashion — that is, they appear to see in *The Front Page* another confirmation of their point of view that human beings are only good for sneering at. So Bensinger, the prissy poet-reporter (Edward Everett Horton in the first film version), has become an insufferable stage nelly (David Wayne), and Carol Burnett, as Molly the prostitute, is stuck in red ribbons and a ludicrous frizzy wig. (I can't figure out why this gifted comedienne is never permitted to play comedy in the movies — Molly is the only serious role in "The Front Page" — but she's not bad, and her slightly off-key burlesque voice is, as always, a delight.)

There are a number of familiar faces — Austin Pendleton, Vincent Gardenia, Allen Garfield, Harold Gould, Doro Merande — and a pretty new one, Susan Sarandon. Some of the readings are funny, but most are flat, to complement Billy Wilder's you've-seen-it-all-before-and-it's-all-crap attitude. The ads for *The Front Page* call it "the happy one for the holidays;" it's sometimes a funny film — when Matthau or one of the supporting players (usually Austin Pendleton) and the dialogue get away from the director — but it isn't very happy.

## LENNY

Review by Steve Vineberg

The ads proclaim, "Lenny's time has finally come!" and Bob Fosse's *Lenny* certainly seems to be a hit, but the sweet, trapped hipster-hero up on the screen doesn't bear much resemblance to Lenny Bruce. Bruce was a brilliant, vicious comic who pummeled his audiences; he wasn't sweet and he wasn't much of a hero. The combination of his peculiar role in the complacent fifties and pre-hippie sixties (that of railer and dust-shaker), his involvement with drugs and his violent death have made him a glamorous figure and a posthumous youth idol, and the movie *Lenny* feeds this distortion. Julian Barry's script (based on his stage play) is inconclusive, but the gaps add up, and they add up wrong. Not only is Barry's Lenny not vicious, he's practically uncorrupted; the dope issue is so neatly skirted around that it comes as a shock when Lenny dies of an overdose of heroin, and our surprise links up with Lenny's statements about harassment by the law. Lenny's death comes off looking like martyrdom.

Barry's facile perception is aggravated by the miscasting of Dustin Hoffman in the title role. I don't know who could have played Lenny Bruce — maybe an actor who's a cross between Joel Grey and Robert De Niro — but Hoffman's boyish charm, with the hipness tacked on almost playfully, is approximately the opposite of what Bruce's humor was all about. He gives a studied, really courageous performance, and sometimes he's very touching, but he's just too nice for the role. The telling evidence

is the nightclub material, which has no resonance when Hoffman delivers it, because he doesn't slice it out, and so it isn't funny. The routine "We're All the Same Schmuck" was meant to offend the audience; Hoffman's sincere, deep-thinking reading seems to imply that he's taken the sins of all his listeners on his shoulders — and as we watch we supply the missing step: "And that's what killed him."

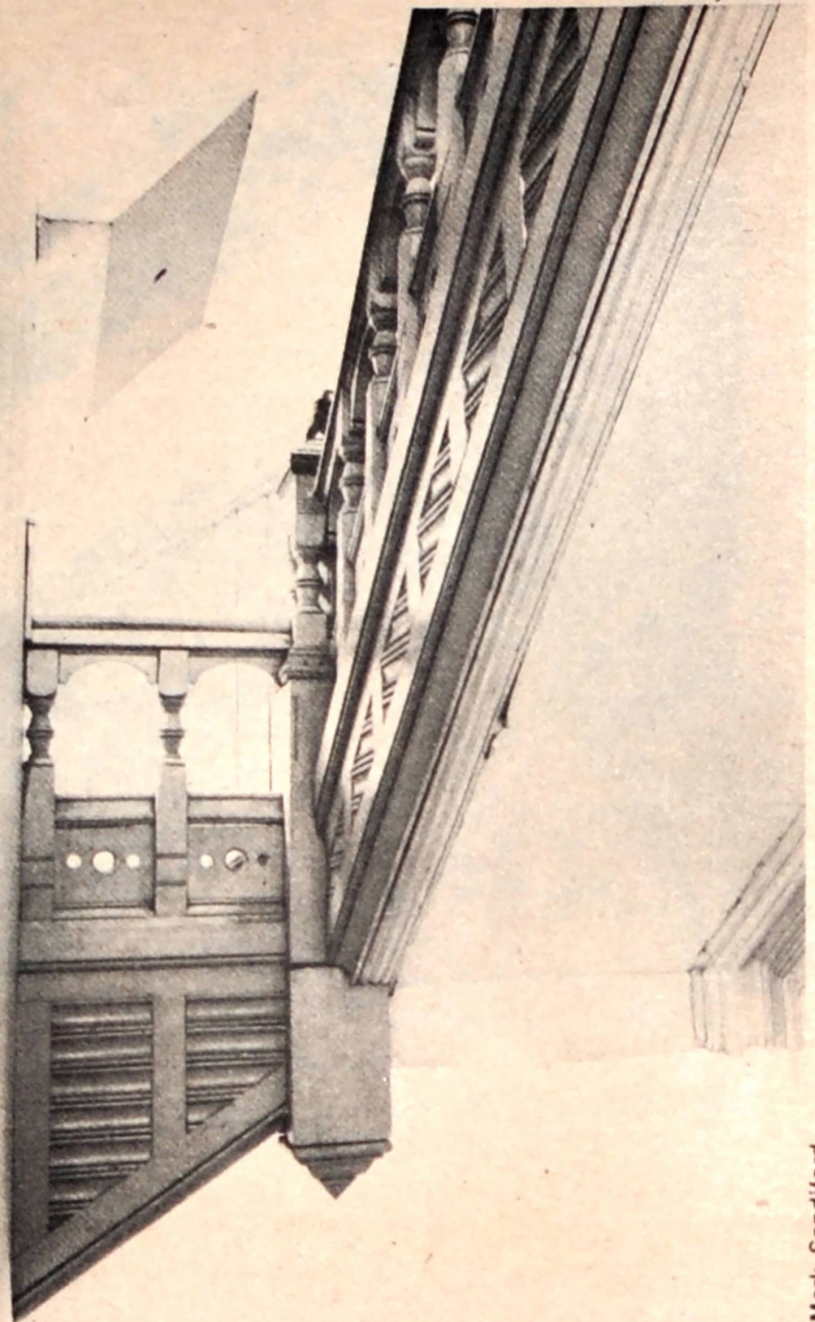
But that doesn't happen to be true. In the last couple of years of his life, Bruce was disintegrating fast — from junk and from his paranoid obsession with the law. Hoffman doesn't show us the disintegration, except for one long stoned monologue that is so poorly conceived that it fizzles out, embarrassingly. (The director, Bob Fosse, put a lot of stock in that sequence — he filmed it in a single long shot, and if Hoffman and the material had been able to carry it off, it would have been a spellbinder. As it is, it leaves us deflated.)

Shot in black and white, the picture evokes the steamy, mellow ambience of the underground jazz-club scene between 1956 and 1964; visually, it's reminiscent of John Cassavetes' famous experimental film *Shadows*, which come out of that era. One can't quarrel with Bruce Surtees' photography, and Bob Fosse is a gifted, confident director who gets the effects he strives for. The way he intercuts between the nightclub routines and the plot sequences reminded me of "Cabaret," but it doesn't work as well for him here, because the sequences outside the nightclub don't tell us very much. I'd blame that on Barry

rather than Fosse, because the dialogue is so trite, especially in the scenes between Lenny and his wife Honey, that it vanishes before you've tried to connect it up with the characters. If Fosse had used the slam-bang hyped-up style most directors would pick for these encounters, they probably wouldn't feel so awkward and unfinished, but he allows his actors to explore the lines, around and underneath them, and the problem is that there's nothing there. It's difficult to reproach a director for having too much faith in the material he's working with.

The best sequence in *Lenny* is a silent one — a strip-tease that Honey does early in the movie. Valerie Perrine, who was so natural in "The Last American Hero" that it never occurred to me that she'd be giving other performances, is very good as Honey, and very natural, although this role calls for a little hysteria. (She looks a lot like Lee Remick in this movie.) There's also an excellent bit by Gary Morton as a Milton Berle-style comedian. Jan Miner and Stanley Beck don't fare as well as Lenny's mother, Sally Marr, and Lenny's agent, though in Beck's case the fault seems to lie more with the conception of the role, or lack of it, than with his acting.

I can't call *Lenny* a dishonest movie, because Fosse's sincerity, and Dustin Hoffman's, are painfully obvious, but it's a movie made from an incompetent script, and it fosters a mistaken view of Lenny Bruce. The film's errors are soothing to youth audiences, and that's in part why it draws crowds. There's now a Lenny Bruce legend, and I hope it doesn't outlive the truth.



Mark Sandford



# The Inflationary Crisis

by David Stryker

A threat confronts the Western world today, the threat of an economic crisis of unparalleled proportions, one symptom of which is a rampant inflation which might be sufficient to precipitate complete economic collapse. Economic trends transform themselves into political consequences, and thus the menace to the western economies is simultaneously to their political stability and their political institutions.

More specifically, the threat here involved is that in the high degrees of polarization created by economic dislocation, parliamentary institutions would be highly vulnerable to coups or seizures of power by radicalized right wing movements.

This contention is borne out by the experience of recent history. Throughout the period between the two world wars, one of severe economic distress, democracy collapsed in many countries in Europe, and was replaced by fascist or quasi-fascist dictatorships. Similarly, in Latin America, which has undergone perpetual economic hardship, left-of-center parliamentary governments have been destroyed by military regimes in the space of the last two decades as in Brazil, Chile, Nicaragua, and Uruguay.

The tendency for parliamentary systems to be weakened by economic crisis until they collapse into authoritarianism has been repeated many times, and all the available evidence points to the fact that economic and political crises are closely interconnected. The profundity of the impending crisis now facing the West cannot be underestimated.

## Inflation up to now

Although many countries are now entering a second stage in which they

are faced with recession or depression as well, the primary problem facing most countries today is that of inflation.

Inflation in itself has been present since the late fifties. In some countries, it was more intense, as in Britain, where twenty years ago governments were already experiencing trouble in working out satisfactory deflationary policies.

Yet in general, the inflation was fairly minimal, rarely exceeding three or four percent at most, and most countries found no difficulty in dealing with it: rapid economic growth made the problem a negligible one. Many orthodox economists saw mild inflation as a healthy sign, as this would stimulate economies, increasing the rate of growth. It was also suspected that as growth slackened off, inflation would disappear correspondingly.

Yet this proved not to be the case. During the late sixties, prices began to rise sharply. Much of this was attributed to the Vietnam war, which affected not only the economy of the United States, but also those of other countries which were indirectly involved, such as Japan. Nevertheless, by the end of the war (or, more accurately, the end of massive direct American involvement in the war in South East Asia) in early 1973, inflation was soaring at unprecedented rates, and was not confined to any one country but had spread from one to the next so that most of the Western world was enveloped in varying degrees.

Today the inflationary crisis shows signs of getting worse, and even though the rate of inflationary acceleration may not be as high in some places as it was a year ago, prices are still rising very rapidly.

Some countries have been afflicted more severely than others. Israel faces a staggering 34 percent annual rate of inflation, Japan and Australia over 25 percent, Britain just under 20 percent.

In only somewhat less serious straits are Canada, the United States, France and the Scandinavian countries with rates varying between 10 and 15 percent.

Only West Germany has managed to keep inflation comparatively low, at 6.9 percent.

However, the figures for annual rates are deceptive inasmuch as inflation is cumulative, and thus the overall price rise in many of these countries in the last few years have been upwards of 40 percent.

What makes the present crisis all the more difficult to solve is that most conventional economic theories are pitifully inadequate to explain the causes of the inflationary process, let alone provide a workable solution to it. Free enterprise economic systems, characterized by an almost total lack of governmental control, have tended to be extremely vulnerable to inflationary cycles.

While no economy in the West has ever experienced anything comparable to the German inflation of 1923, in which the rate was so rapid that in a few months the value of currency had fallen to 4.2 trillion marks to the dollar, during the same period, many Western countries suffered from double digit (France's stood at 40 percent in the early thirties).

Nevertheless, deflationary policies modelled in general on Keynesian theory were able to curb the price rises, and the trend following World War II was one of economic growth and recovery. Paradoxically, the same policies which lead to this general economic upswing are today proving not only ineffective but in some respects are actually augmenting the crisis.

## The failure of conventional theory.

Orthodox economic theory today,

which essentially represents an outgrowth of the principles laid down by Keynes, posits a series of causes of inflation, few of which, however, are borne out by the facts.

It is held that to some extent, inflation will always be concurrent with economic growth; profits, provided by moderate price increases, will be reinvested as new capital, increasing the rate of development and expansion. However, what can be seen today is a high rate of inflation (far higher than even a very large growth rate might create) coupled with stagnation, recession and impending depression.

Excessive demand is also blamed for inflation. Demand is the abstract amount of money offered on the market for the available produce. Either a shortage of commodities to be sold or a surplus of money in circulation can lead to a situation in which more money is offered for the item than its normal price, and the price then rises. Such an inflation, the traditional "demand-pull" variety, tends to level off as prices rise; as more goods are sold in response to the demand, and as prices rise, cutting down on the amount of demand that a given amount of money can exert, the effect is one of absorption. This has, of course, not always been the case. If a government responds to the problems here created by circulating more currency, the result can be catastrophic; demand and prices will rise simultaneously at ever increasing rates. This was partly what happened in Germany in 1923.

On the other hand, a policy of fiscal restraint in response to a demand-pull inflation will usually result in fairly rapid stabilization, due to the fact that in due course the excess demand will be absorbed.

Here, however, this is clearly not the case. During the late sixties, the point at which inflation began to rise, markets were not characterized by a paucity of goods, but in fact were so flooded that not all the produce could be consumed.

cont'd on page 8



Francesca Profili

## Still Life

the sun spills an orange elixir  
of glass-stained light  
over our bodies  
huddles  
with shame —

the bright stare of that one eye  
casts a spare, amoral rendering of shapes  
muddled  
with pain —  
a subway of muscles and veins  
strewn with reminders ...  
awash against a back / black ground  
—our lives

absolution awaits as we assess  
the damage to our  
souls  
an uncertain finger touches us,  
we catch our breath,  
affirm plasma's flow  
of life  
around us  
and recognize  
an instant / instance of existence  
—time

Vincenzo DiNicola

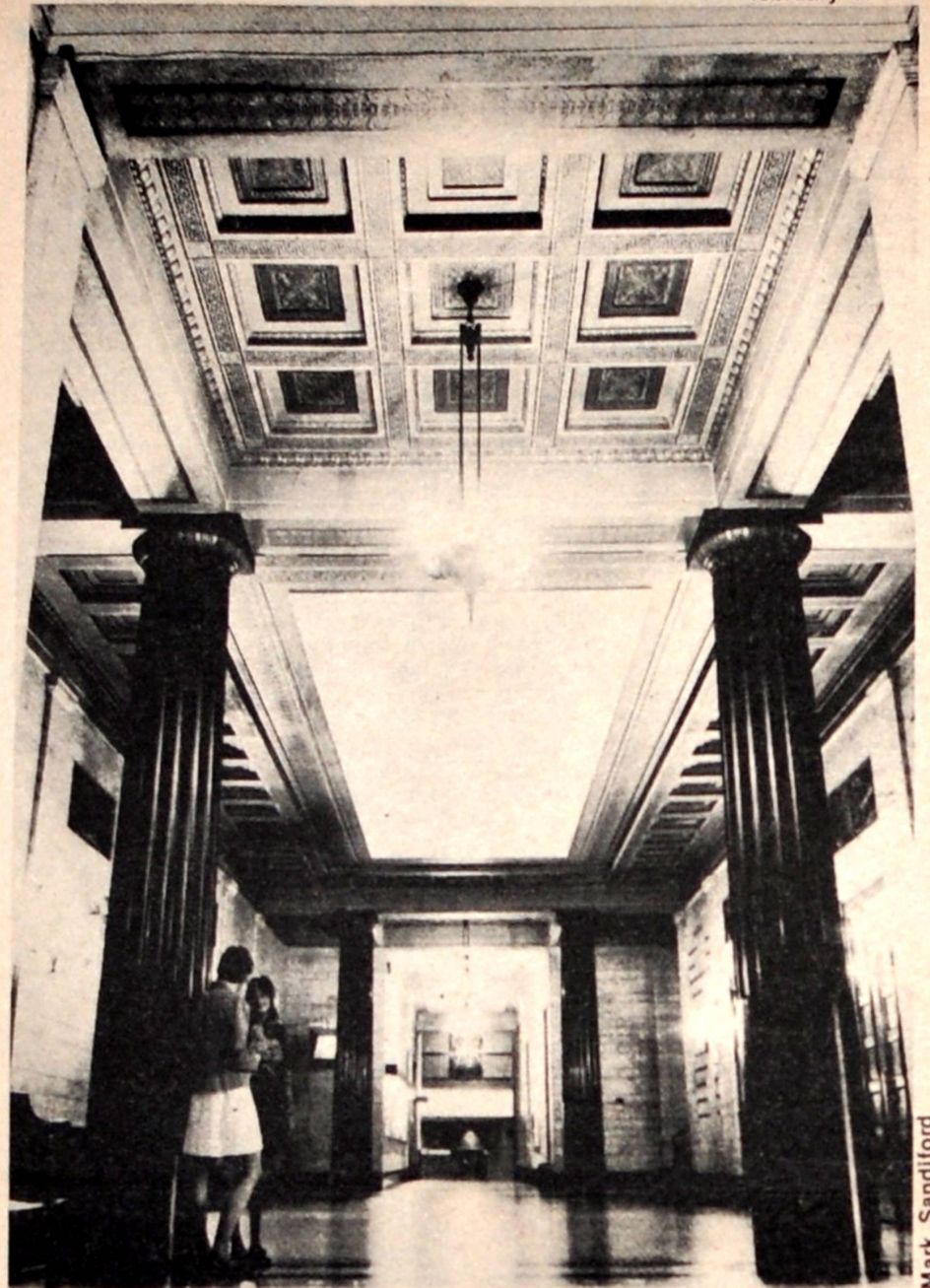
montreal, september 1974



# The Crunch

The sound of a fog crunching through the avenue awoke me with its irritating monotony as severe as a fingernail scraped on a blackboard. It had not happened for years — two at least — and its unusuality evoked a whimsical smile from my otherwise bloodshot face. I had always assumed, even in my younger days that fog was just one of those things which just didn't crunch all that much — it might grunt or squeek or even titter a bit on holy days but never crunch. Silly me. This bulky revelation would have just chortled away my bedraggled of on any other occasion but I didn't have my glasses on. I resolved through that I would let all of this bother me not at all and therefore neglected to inform myself, preferring not to get involved. All of this was fine and I suppose dandy until I recalled rather conveniently that in a dream I had had momentarily before awakening, the central protagonist had been (and for all I know, still is) the naughty medieval portend named Crunch who molested owls with up-to-date dentistry equipment. The ominous, unsubstantiated connotations of this ridiculous coincidence dawned on me gaudily and I immediately checked my wisdom teeth to see that they still were. I guess some people are just luckier than others under such conditions but I don't imagine I could ever tell you who they might be. I could mention that my name is Hennion Happenstance but I wouldn't because there would be no quick, sleazy way to just unpompously get my name into the story — and, of course, the story seems

to be what I am telling. So after the remarkable incidents at dawn, I saw that I must truly dress and hasten immediately to find a compatriot or even a relative acquaintance to tell him or her what happened but mostly to bum a boulevard and next door I wandered, stumbling over a pile of sweet nothingness left by the door, poignantly in my path. I walked in and approached my friend Gregorio Alexandrop, a patron of the old school, who was contemplating his lifelong friend, Gerard the colostomy bag. He sat in his handsomely attired but primarily decorated sitting room and he looked at me as if it were a blah, partly sunny, high 50's, showers expected afternoon. I should have wondered why he did that at the time, as it would be quite important, unbeknownst to me, in the future. As soon as I had begun to abrogate into his vicinity he dropped his jaw and chided me: "You could have at least knocked.", he said. I retorted, post-haste and quite matter-of-factly to the effect that I would have knocked, but they ran out before I got there. He was not impressed with my answer and very likely me soon thereafter. I then asked his opinion on concepts concerning the feasibility of crunching fog. He succinctly stopped all further questioning with a pert, "None for me, thanks." This could have been taken as a vile insinuation coming from anyone else but I knew he was right. Gregorio, if nothing else, was like psychic pepto-bismol coating my intellectual extremities with an interesting slime."



Mark Sandiford

## United Aircraft, ctd.

cont'd from page 2

American head office, wish to maintain low wages, mandatory overtime, a disorganized labour force, and full control of the plant. The owners want to minimize costs and maximize profits. Costs represent in part, wage paid. For the worker, wages are the key to the welfare of his family: necessarily, management and union will clash on this issue.

For the capitalist, the production of goods is a way of making money. He must separate the action of working from the working man by paying him a subsistence wage, and by controlling all features of the work procedure. The owner wants to decide how, when, and where the work will be done so that costs minimized and profits maximized.

On the other hand, the worker demands control over his own body movements, and all other aspects of the nature of his work. As he strives for self-respect, he strives for greater control of his workplace, and the products he makes. Thus, a conflict over work schedules, automation, and the dehumanization of work, surface as part of not only the United Aircraft strike, but most industrial confrontations.

These confrontations are not resolved by the moral strength of the workers' or management's position, but according to the relative militancy and force of each side and their ability to mobilize their allies. It appears that in the United Aircraft strike, the power of the Canadian and Quebec governments, along with the American head office, has been sufficient to ensure continued

production in the Longueuil plant and the minimization of costs to United Aircraft of Canada during the strike. On the other side, the support of many Longueuil residents and the rest of the Quebec labour movement has reinforced the position of the strikers.

Where do McGill students fit in? It depends on your personal interests. I would imagine that the reason why this strike has not mobilized many students in either direction, is the fact that most of us do not see this strike as touching our own interests. I would assume however, that in faculties where most students are being trained to serve in different posts in the management or corporate structure that the student body is not favourable to the workers position. Evidently, their future well-being depends on the extent to which management can appropriate the value created solely by the work of others.

Today the word revolution has been used so much, it has lost its meaning. We have read about the student, black, Chicano, Indian, and Quebec "revolutions." Recently, McGill and the Free Press have heard from the Women's revolution or movement.

Apparently, those who associate the word revolution with social categories as blacks, students or Quebecers, have lost track of its real meaning, and illustrate their growing political estrangement from reality and history.

The sixties showed us the limited extent of the student and black revolution and the seventies will show

us the limited potential of a woman's revolution if different political strategies are not employed by the left.

Women, youth, Quebecers, etc. are social categories which divide members of society vertically, across class lines. Accordingly, each vertical social movement will contain the same contradictions as the capitalist society from which it grew.

There can be no revolution until full political power is achieved and full political power can only be achieved when full control of the forces of production is gained.

Today, there are only two groups capable of controlling and leading the forces of production. They are the people who presently own them, and those who work on them, the producing classes. A socialist revolution will be the revolution of the producing class.

Nevertheless, demands for equal pay for equal work, and advancement due to merit, not sex, are legitimate demands and I can see progress being made on these points even within the capitalist system. The liberal corporate state aims for rational, efficient, and planned activity designed for the maximization of profit. The corporate state is already willing to promote women ahead of men if they are qualified for the job. The rationalized efficiency program of corporations will aim to destroy nonefficient beliefs like sexism and racism, to the extent that they stand in the way of profits.

Clearly, women at McGill have to define what they mean when they say "equal opportunity for advancement" and "equal chances for success". One woman, Claire Kirkland Casgrain, a

former Liberal Cabinet minister, and presently head of the provincial Minimum Wage Commission is one who certainly has "made it." Still her inaction and ineptitude as commissioner responsible for the enforcement of wage laws has condemned thousands of workers to starvation wages.

### At McGill

I think the next major point in student political activity should be a strong demand for funds and facilities to set up a study center at McGill examining the history and nature of work and workers. This would mean expanding the limited Industrial Relations centre here, attracting teachers from the trade union movement, encouraging research into the history of the Canadian and Quebec working class, and opening the doors of the university to trade union members interested in developing their knowledge and skills.

This movement would demand the mobilization of all departments. The Psychology, and Sociology departments especially, could aid students in understanding the nature of work, working class culture, and the working person in a socialist society.

Can all the consciousness, religious, ethnic, and youth groups avoid the deadends that confront them and synthesize their distinctly personal protests into an understanding of the class relations that are the basis of capitalist society? Can they unite to struggle for such a goal, or will the working class continue to be ignored by students who call themselves progressive?



# The Therapist

Do you think I can enlarge you? Make you thousands? Schizophrenize you infinitely!

I would make you — a woman. Yes. Dressed in black, tight dress, midi-length ('40's style). Well made-up. A little tired, slouchy. Very female except for the movements — those a little mock-make, especially the walk. A vague occupation. Bookish? Librarian. On your way to an appointment. Thursday nights. The cafe. 10:30. Don't be late. But you are. He is mad. And you think of the long night ahead. With only make-up for pride. And with the lights off, not even that.

It's a long way between hopes. Half the hopes for reality. The other for continuation of this "cochemar" — this nightmare. You wake up. Blink. An eye-lash falls. Lessening the eye. You blink again. And remember, miggawd! Work. As you step over the remnants of your dream. Inside the novel, he is composing his dream:

O Novel, Novel

will you buy me out from this hovel, hovel

or must I grovel, grovel

and put my finger in the socket?

Yes. I would make you, a woman. Dressed in black tights. Older than your eighteen years. And a little more than Thursday nights now. Wednesday and Saturday, too. (Publishers' parties.) And

just the black tights, mind you. White make-up. And no, no eyes. Just the mouth that screams. Let it. They're alone. Now. The writer, his book, and the black tights. The book, the chapters, and the words. The life, the years, and the nights. And the black tights. Dancing. The legs making characters on the pages. Through the night and through the chapters and through the lives of the writer and the women in black tights. Tights making type; the writer making love and money. Between chapters. Between the sheets. With the black woman. In the white sheets. And the black tights on his mind. And her black soul on his black soul. And the red ink on the paper. And the red blood on the black sheets.

Yes. I would. Make you. A woman. Forty now. The clothes don't matter. The middle-age breasts don't fit. Anyway. They measure past your age. And your mind. Is silly-putty in the hands of your forty kindergarten art-class kids. Who make sailors and signs and know your sins in black tights.

In my office we have clinical sex. At fifty dollars per. Your husband is happy because you go home looser for his larger head.

Vincenzo DiNicola

## Indigestion

by John M. Lehndorff

Thinking of eating is food for thought  
When stalking the primeval cafeteria,  
In search of something nameless.  
The tootsie roll pop of my hunger had been  
Licked to the slimy core,  
and my time of reckoning has come.  
Valiantly I stood in line,  
intestinally fortified but fearful.  
Between stainless steel and plastichrome perversity  
You could cut the air of anticipation with a fork.  
With trembling hand I take my portion  
While the cooks with vicious eyes smirk,  
At the prospect of another victim.  
Delightful paranoia would overwhelm me,  
If it wasn't for the fuckin' smell.  
And somehow there I sit with fog obscuring my plate.  
And somehow I begin to eat, no other choice left.  
Upon having cryptic cornflakes and hardly boiled eggs  
For breakfast and  
definite psuedomeat and somewhat salad for lunch,  
A certain desperation sets in.  
That hid semblences of propriety carefully,  
To have at such times as these,  
But I forget now where I put them.  
Without control I munch and artichoke  
Running the gauntlet between nausea and memory.  
I could contemplate obese evenings  
of postlasagna contentment,  
Or summer morns of organic corpulence  
in the vineyard.  
In the earlier years of my senility.  
In the haze I see voluptuous afternoons of  
bagels and ice cream and more perverse nights  
of terminal munchies and orgasmic delights.  
But my thoughts crumble like the coffee I'm chewing  
and it's a dark and stormy afternoon,  
With fears running down my spine  
And lunch sliding up my throat.  
The things I regurgitate confuse my bemusement  
And my insurance doesn't cover the damages.  
Ah, what manner of insane affliction has overcome me  
I mumble to myself and wander through the door.  
My shadow scrapes and wiggles along  
sarcastically after me.  
The rips in the fabric of my being enlarge  
and order and direction leak out unstoppable  
As the seamstresses are unqualified or retired.  
Was it the peanut oleo or  
the frozenmostly peas that did it?



Mark Sandiford

I walk past catatonic comrades  
and they moan deliberately  
But it sounds like a crunch.  
Ah, those cornflakes do haunt.  
A feeling of peculiarity hawks my gut  
And the taste can only be forewarning.  
The semisustenance I received,  
has begun to take its toll.  
My fantasies have been all recalled to the plant,  
To fix some dangerous defect.  
The situation complicates itself  
and introspection is possible.  
Wierdnesses die to become traditions.  
I think of pizza and rebukes are thrown up to me.  
are thrown up to me.  
The pavement I tread is warped and chickencolored  
As I struggle for a guiding light,  
for an inspiration or a respite or a Bromoseltzer.  
I call dial-a-prayer but the line is busy.  
And leave a tip for the operator.  
At hand and underfoot  
I prance through plush green trauma  
to scentladen clamor to.....  
It's coming now... look... it rises  
in my soul.... the irrevocable burp of the doomed....  
And it doesn't come with greenstamps.  
Uncontrollable as a grapejelly sandwich,  
Is that which I know must come.  
Indigestion's just another word  
for something soon I'll lose,  
These omens I see  
on my minds' edge approaching,  
warn of future abuse of the norm.  
And an evening kneeling before white porcelain.  
Upon having cryptic cornflakes and hardly boiled eggs  
For breakfast and  
Definite psuedomeat and somewhat salad for lunch  
A certain desperation set in.  
As is apparent:  
The cryptic and the definite don't mix.



# History Students' Society Elections Favour Decentralization

by Julian Doyle

In recent years the McGill Students' Society has been plagued by a meagre participation in its elections. However, it is not the intent of this article to rail against apathy but rather to propose a general restructuring of student government that would be more responsive to its constituents.

The activism of the sixties necessitated a centralized student organization: strength lay in unity. Rightly or wrongly, those who attend McGill in the seventies are more concerned with academics. There are no longer any burning issues which coalesce the student body. The Students' Society has become an empty shell of acclamations and 10 per cent turnouts.

Over the last several years many departmental associations have been founded or revitalized. The membership of such groups is limited to those students taking courses of a particular department. The latest and most startling occurrence in this trend has been the result of the 1975 elections of the McGill Historical Society: 45% of the eligible honors and majors voted.

This high rate of participation is especially astonishing considering the lackluster record of previous years. The MHS has existed in varying degrees of obscurity since the fifties. For the last two years, the executive has been acclaimed. Needless to say many history students were even unaware of the existence of the MHS.

However, the acclaimed 74-75

executive was considerably more dynamic than their predecessors. They sponsored a well-attended forum on Canadian History. Professor LaPierre consented to be the moderator and the proceedings were enlivened by his sharp, and often devastating wit. Through the diligence and charm of Catherine Waite, the President, the MHS gained the support of many professors and administrative personnel in the department.

Two slates and one independent contested the three executive positions. The election was well-advertised: circulars were sent to the homes of every honors and majors student in history. Both slates campaigned actively in the history classes.

One of the presidential aspirants, Marc Casavant, had the temerity to state: "Don't vote for us unless you are willing to work for the MHS." He was elected along with Paul Torrie as Vice-President. So with a mandate behind them and a platform to implement ahead, this executive should further raise the profile and utility of the association for history students.

The McGill Student Society is facing bankruptcy within the next two years. There is a doubtful validity to raising student fees for an organization with so little support. Electoral participation is unlikely to increase, especially while the McGill Daily refrains from even reporting on the Council meetings. The future of student government inevitably lies with departmental associations but it may be sometime before the financial basis of this new structure is determined.

## Inflationary Crisis, ctd.

cont'd from page 5

The problem was one of overproduction. Instead of a high level of demand, there was a low one, relative to the amount of produce available. Neither the present inflation nor the milder one that preceded it are of the demand-pull variety. This diagnosis is corroborated by the fact that when demand on certain items was cut back (one of the results of the inflation which was steadily cutting down on consumers' ability to exert demand) prices did not fall, as orthodox economists were predicting. Instead, companies increased prices, claiming that otherwise they could not sustain the injuries caused to them by the decrease in revenue resulting from decreased demand.

A third explanation which has been advanced is that of wage-push. Wage increases, it is assumed, compel companies either to raise prices or to sustain losses. Yet this hypothesis also fails: while wages have been rising, the rate of increase is substantially lower than the rate of inflation, generally a little more than half. Furthermore, the wage increases, instead of preceding each new inflationary cycle, have instead lagged behind. They are essentially efforts on the part of unions to compensate for the inflationary effect which is cutting into the incomes of their members. To blame inflation on high wage costs is to fly in the face of all the available data.

The failure of much of accepted economic theory to explain inflation is due primarily to the complexity of the phenomenon. Inflation in itself is the

symptom of underlying causes. It can result from many different sets of circumstances. The theories developed by Keynes and his followers were in response to a certain set of conditions, and did not act as permanent solutions but as measures designed to deal with one particular set of causes. It is therefore unreasonable to assume that they will be effective in combatting all the different varieties of inflation.

### The causes of inflation

In delineating the actual causes of the inflationary crisis, the "cost-push" model proves to be the most accurate. This is at first sight contradictory, since the primary costs of production have not risen as fast as has inflation. Wages, as has already been mentioned, are not rising anywhere near as fast as prices. Raw materials have also not shown very rapid price rises. Many raw materials, which are imported into the West from Third World countries, have remained fairly inexpensive, although here prices are now beginning to rise as well. Nor can inflation be attributed to the cost of developing new technology.

That these costs cannot be seen to be the cause of inflation is visible not only in that they are lower than the rate of inflation, but also in that they are many times lower than profit margins.

And it is in this relationship that one of the essential causes of inflation can be discerned. The increase in rate of profit during the last few years has for most large corporations throughout the United States, Canada, Europe and

## Literature

## TIME

by Robert Feinstein

I sat back and began to think. Now that the children — Don and Sheila — were out of the house, life, it seemed, had turned full circle on me. The past had regained its vigor, or, perhaps, I should say 'gained in vigor'. Once when I was young the present existed forever. Each day would last a life time. Then the past died and the future only existed; the present now was but a painful illusion which lasted too long. Then when I met Molly, the present became bucolic and the future even more so. I rose from the ashes of my heroic cowardness to become the roc, the grand hero, the god redeemer who once died in the flames. Then the children were born and I found myself suddenly an outsider in time, watching others' movements, my atemporality but the after-image of their aging. But finally I myself also took on that image like a mirror though the image was magnified out of all proportion. Now I have returned to time. I live in the past present like a child. Senility has begun. The picture album is now before me.

Time is a strange thing. Sometimes I would find time like a rubber band. I would stretch it and then it would bounce back: my being then deflated

like a point on a sheet of paper. Other times, in my daring, I would shoot time from me like a bullet without really caring where it landed. Then time was a house of long, long hallways. I'd hear my voice echoing and echoing until its thunder would deafen me. I longed for the silence then of many voices. I longed and I longed. The child within me then attempting to always lay time in the freezer. The man within me attempting to run down its river forever. But both were children. Infinitude! Infinitude! It's a game that mathematicians play, for they are really only children.

Once I desired to know a person so well I could never describe her; I longed to do so much that I could be said to be living as if that longing itself isn't life; I wanted to finally be able to feel — not say — that life, my life, is living; and to open myself to all the currents of time — to thus sense all undertoes — and thus to show my daring. And therefore I open my house to you one morning and you taught me to sit and watch the flowers. And here is the picture of that in our album. While I taught you to value the wind. And thus we journeyed ever in the present, aging like vintage wine so different and yet so similar to the young wines. And here too are those pictures.

Japan, has been on the average more than twice the rate of inflation in the respective countries.

In the United States, for example, the rate of inflation has been between 9 and 11 percent annually. Conversely, the profit margins of the fifty largest companies have increased between 40 and 60 percent. Under ordinary circumstances in most laissez-faire economies, a profit of 15 percent is considered very high.

The significance of these staggering rates of profit lies in the fact that profit rates function as costs; they can only be increased by depressing wage levels or increasing prices. Herein, essentially, lies the nature of the present inflation.

The issue is, however, more complex than this. Profits in themselves do not explain why the inflation has been worldwide, and economic trends cannot be simplistically attributed to malevolent greed of a few individuals. A second factor must here be delineated, that of transnational economic integration, or in a word, interdependence.

World economies are so interconnected that fluctuations in one sector send ripples through many others, and this same causal relationship is true on a national basis. The result is that an inflationary cycle in one sector or in one country will automatically spill over into others, and a network of spiraling costs and prices is thus generated. This is nothing new; the same was true not only of the economic crises of the 1930s, but also of the major world depression of 1893-97. The tendency for transnational integration, however, has been one of uninterrupted increase. The advantage of this, as compared with the outmoded and inefficient doctrine of autarky, was that it provided for rapid economic development throughout much of the twentieth century. The corresponding disadvantage is that when crises occur, they tend to be all the more intense and widespread.

Transnationally integrated economies are thus in some respects extremely vulnerable. They sell not on a domestic market, which can be subject to a fair degree of governmental control, but on an international one, in which very few restrictions exist. The result is that an increased cost, or an increasing profit margin in one industry in one country can be passed on to foreign companies

and consumers. A foreign company, increasing prices, either affects domestic consumers directly, or if the produce is bought by a domestic company which then raises its prices accordingly the effect is an indirect one. Yet the result is the same in either case.

Added to this is the problem of the multinational corporations, which are the primary perpetrators of this whole process. Selective investment in various sectors in a number of countries tends to produce highly lopsided and uneven development, so that within any of the countries, some industries will suffer from chronic capital scarcity, while others will produce surpluses.

Capital scarcity often motivates companies to raise prices, while those which have sufficient capital, rather than risk selling a surplus in an inflationary environment, which could lead to deflation and losses, instead find it expedient to regulate supply, which can also produce an inflationary effect. The dependence of national economies on multinational corporations enables the latter to affect price levels in both many countries and in different sectors simultaneously.

In retrospect, it is this factor more than any other which has produced the mammoth rates of inflation experienced today.

The two primary causes of the present inflationary crisis are here revealed. They are first, transnational economic integration, coupled with the multinationalization of capitalism, and second, an increase in profit margins which has far outstripped the rate of inflation and has thus had the effect of augmenting it.

A large number of secondary factors apart from these two general ones figure here as well, but it is beyond the scope of this article to analyze them. Instead, it is possible here that by using a general model, such as this one, an attack against the causes of the present economic crisis, of which inflation is but one symptom can be mounted.

For if an effective deflationary policy cannot be worked out, the economies and the existing political systems of the West will face the possibility of imminent and utter collapse.

The sequel to this article, which will examine possible ways of combatting inflation, will appear in a subsequent issue of the Free Press.